

# **hymn # 154 - When I Survey The Wondrous Cross**

## **Stanza 1**

**When I survey  
the wondrous cross  
On which  
the Prince of glory  
died,  
My richest gain  
I count but loss,  
And pour contempt**



# **hymn # 154 - When I Survey The Wondrous Cross**

## **Stanza 2**

**Forbid it, Lord,  
that I should boast,  
Save in the death  
of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things  
that charm me most  
I sacrifice them  
to His blood.**



# **hymn # 154 - When I Survey The Wondrous Cross**

## **Stanza 3**

**See, from His head,  
His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love  
flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love  
and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose  
so rich a crown?**



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## **Stanza 4**

**Were the whole realm  
of nature mine,  
That were a present  
far too small;  
Love so amazing,  
so divine,  
Demands my soul,  
my life, my all.**

